

## **The Dream World by enochpowell**

**Category:** Stranger Things, 2016

**Genre:** Horror, Sci-Fi

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven/Jane H., OC

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-10-20 08:54:15

**Updated:** 2018-10-20 08:54:15

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 22:56:26

**Rating:** T

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 526

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** Just a quick one shot about an escapee from the lab  
(Could be 11, could be someone else) Hope you enjoy

## The Dream World

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The world wasn't meant to be like this, it was meant to be happy, filled with joy and loving. Instead it was dark and cold and dank. The putrid smell of decaying earth filled the girl's nostrils as she wandered through the woods, her heart thudding and pushing against her slender and frail ribcage, the copper taste in her mouth growing more bitter by the second. The snarl of a dog behind her reminded her of the dire chase, onwards she stumbled, brambles and twigs grasping and snagging her legs like pleading beggars, the stings amalgamating into a single numbness and throb. The sharp November air burnt her lungs, the sting of the bitter cold stabbing at her chest and at her eyes, the ice crystals forming singeing like glowing knives into every crevice they could find. No matter what mother nature could throw her, whether it was a bitter and barren arctic storm or a fiery pit of brimstone and ash, nothing could compare to the trauma of the lab. The images of the lab, with its white sanitised walls and pungent aroma of Dettol and bleach flashed through the girl's mind, digging deep into her soul and forcing her frail limbs to sprint faster.

"Get her!" the bitter voice nearly screamed behind her, the trees now blurring into a black mist in her thoughts. The snarl of a dog in front of her made her grind to a halt, slipping on the frozen ground and shredding her feet on the frosty ground. The dog lunged but her instincts took over, as one flick of her head sent the hound contorting in the air, its spine cracking audibly. She picked herself up, the old still biting at her skin and continued to run, the hounds grew louder and louder, the baying echoing in her skull and reverberating in her bones. The snapping of their jaws made her cry, now the stinging ice in her eyes solidified, burning even more behind her weary lids.

Collapsing, she fell to her knees. Soon the men, armed with submachine guns and rifles surrounded her, strobe lights blinded her in the pitch black night as they called on crackly radios to men still inside the lab. Once again that bleached building swarmed her mind,

the electricity machine that burned her hair, the machine that scribbled down her thought, the men with the long white coats and the clipboards. Papa. The fear in her body spread a new fire, one she hadn't felt before. Rage.

Her dark eyes looked up at the men and with an ear piercing scream each one of them fell down writhing in pain as the girl stood over their contorting bodies. The hounds, once fearsome now had been reduced to whimpering puppies, fleeing from the ongoing massacre. Blood started to ooze from the eyelids of the soldiers, the contortions now being reduced to sudden jitters and twitches. The girl relaxed, and with it so did the men, now lying lifeless on the ground. Steadying herself against a frozen birch tree she wiped her nose and continued running, running towards the dream world.